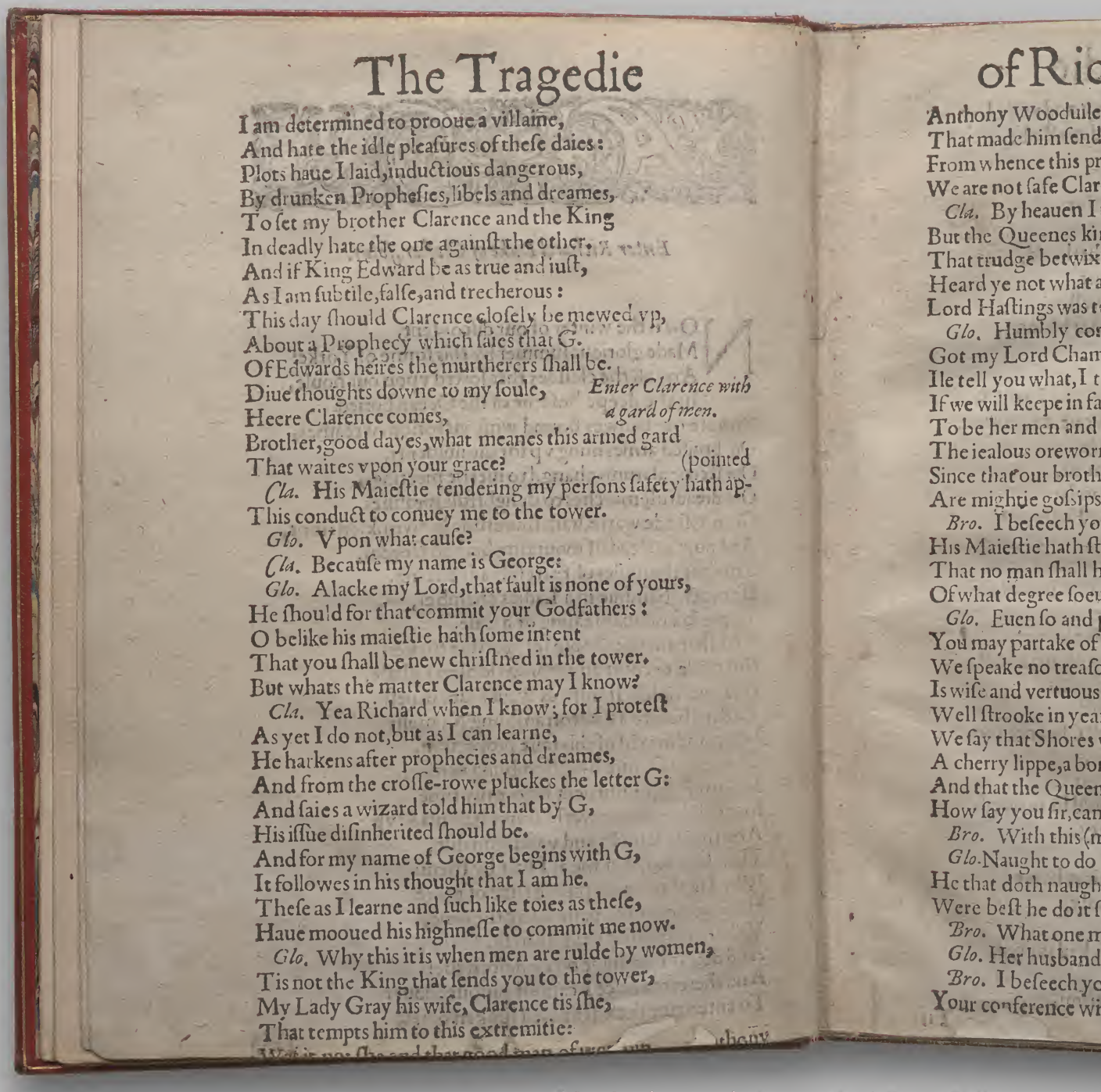

The Tragedie

I am determined to prooue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductious dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, libels and dreames,
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King Edward be as true and iust,
As I am subtile, false, and trecherous:
This day should Clarence closely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy which saies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with a gard of men.*
Heere Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace? (pointed
Cla. His Maiestie tendering my persons safety hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the tower.
Glo. Vpon what cause?
Cla. Because my name is George:
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his maiestie hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower.
But whats the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And saies a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
These as I learne and such like toies as these,
Haue mooued his highnesse to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis she,
That tempts him to this extremitie:

of Ric

Anthony Wooduile
That made him send
From whence this pr
We are not safe Clar
Cla. By heauen I
But the Queenes ki
That trudge betwix
Heard ye not what a
Lord Hastings was t
Glo. Humbly cos
Got my Lord Cham
Ile tell you what, I t
If we will keepe in fa
To be her men and
The iealous oreworn
Since that our broth
Are mightie gossips
Bro. I beseech yo
His Maiestie hath st
That no man shall h
Of what degree soeu
Glo. Euen so and
You may partake of
We speake no treaso
Is wise and vertuous
Well strooke in yea
We say that Shores
A cherry lippe, a bo
And that the Queen
How say you sir, can
Bro. With this (m
Glo. Naught to do
He that doth naugh
Were best he do it s
Bro. What one m
Glo. Her husband
Bro. I beseech yo
Your conference wi